

Lloyd Banks, Playboy

[DJ Whoo Kid:] Aw man , can I get a raw please
Is yall ready, is yall ready
For the main event, Damn
Lloyd Banks

[Verse 1]

Guess whos the man this winter straight out the land of sinners
The Range with hella spinners check out the white wrist
Roll with the damn winners or you and your mans finished
You and your Rams fitted turn off the light switch
Holdin my torch down even when the force round
You let your wife roll she want a divorce now
You niggas aint this gully playasll paint ya skully
Youll never take this from me
The riders and the gangstas with me

([Whoo Kid:] God Damn)

You shouldnt be a problem I aint be a problem
See ya later, I read ya head you be a Rodman (What)
I know ya type, hoppin all over the beat screamin
You call it hypin yasef up I call it street dreamin
I do it for all of the haters the playas ball with the gators
They lookin forward to favors gossip is all they gave us
You niggas wasnt quiet, meet the whales and fishes (Whoo)
You lit the precinct up playin tattle tale with the snitches
Even my momma knows I got all kind of hoes
They wait outside the show stripped after the diner closed
Ill be designer clothes without the winer woes
Take off my baby blue mink and Carolina bowls
Come here, take a look inside a entertainers closet
I never trust a bitch, I blame Lorainna Bobbit
Niggas stay and pocket
I know youre made at me but shit aint all peaches and cream
And I aint Sara Lee bitch (Cmon)

[Chorus]

Dont ice me
You starin at the wrong one
Theres a lot of girls here
Go and get up on one (What)
We at the bar poppin bottles til they all gone
If you aint leavin here wit us
You gon walk home (Whoo)
Go someone else where
They know how we ride
If you a playboy, you got one on each side
Keep your mouth closed, we dont let the beef ride
(What)
Ride
(What)
Ride
(What)
Ride
(God Damn Lets Go)

[Verse 2]

I do this for the hood, niggas stuck in the slammer
I smile cuz Im good, you act tough for the camera (Whoo)
Learn from the hood kids, they aint fuckin wit Santa
Cuz they like Tupac more, (Word) Word to my grandma
I figure I might as well leave here with my glock drawn
Cuz theyll take you to jail even when you not wrong
Dog your not this flashy, dogs you got to blast me
Every rock is classy, nobody on your block can match me (Whoo)
You shouldnt want to fight, unless you wanna fight
For your life in the Hospital for hundred nights
I know your type, run behind your girlfriend rushin
You call it quality time, I call it handcuffin

Im on the beach in Miami, cellular reachin my family
All the weekend in panties from Puerto Rican canny
You niggas wasnt tough, I shouldve snapped some pics
You wear ya pants tight, play pittypat wit the chicks (Damn)
Even my father knows where the revolver goes
I bring the beef to ya front door like Dominoes
And my diamonds froze that means my time froze
Be in the club from when its poppin til the time it close (What)
Half of these so-called real niggasll probably sing
Naw I aint pullin over, learned that from Rodney King
So tell ya homey chill you know I hold the steel
Everything from jabs to hooks and you aint Holyfield, nigga (Damn)
[Chorus]

Dont ice me
You starin at the wrong one (Whoo)
Theres a lot of girls here
Go and get up on one
We at the bar poppin bottles til they all gone
If you aint leavin here wit us
You gon walk home
Go someone else where
They know how we ride
If you a playboy, you got one on each side
Keep your mouth closed, we dont let the beef ride
Everybody on the left get yo hands up (Get ya hands up)
Everybody on the right get yo hands up (Get ya hands up)
Everybody up front get yo hands up (Get ya hands up)
And everybody out back get yo hands up (What)
And if you in here wit a strap get yo hands up (What)
Now put em up (Put em up)
Now put em up (Put em up)
Now put em up (Put em up)
Now put em up (Put em up)
Now put em up (Put em up)
What, man fuck what he said
Man put em up (Put em up)
Now put em up (Put em up)
Now put em up (Put em up)
Now put em up (Put em up)
Now put em up (Put em up)
Now put em up (Put em up)
Now put em up (Put em up)
Ohhhhhhhh
([Lloyd Banks] what Whoo Kid)